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Faculty Panel Discusses Near East

Arab World Is Subject Of Tuesday Assembly

The tensions in the Arab world will be analyzed by a panel of faculty members at an Oregon College of Education assembly at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, August 5.

Guided by moderator Dr. Charles R. McClure, professor of humanities, the panel will comprise: a political scientist, Leland E. Hess, assistant professor of social science; a geographer, James B. Lomax, instructor in social science; and Donald S. Bryant, regional representative of the General Extension Division, who will present the viewpoint of the interested non-specialist.

Following initial statements of position, panel members will "cross-examine" each other and then open the discussion to questions from members of the audience.

Admission is without charge.

Native of Norway Appointed to Social Science Staff at OC

Mrs. Ingunn Norderval Means, Eugene, has been appointed part-time instructor in social science at Oregon College of Education, according to an announcement by Dr. Roy E. Lieuallen, OCE president.

Mrs. Means comes to OCE from Seattle, where she has been a teaching assistant at the University of Washington, from which institution she holds B.A. and M.A. degrees in political science. Her husband, George P. Means, is a member of the Willamette university faculty.

A native of Norway, Mrs. Means has been a high school instructor at Funmark, Norway, and a reporter on the Aalesund, Norway, "Sunnmois Posten." She still contributes articles on American politics and culture to Norwegian periodicals. She is a member of Phi Sigma Alpha and the American Political Science Association.

Her appointment begins fall term.

THE LAMORON OCE



Vol. 35, No. 34

Monmouth, Oregon, Monday, August 4, 1958

Oregon College of Education



The thought-provoking Arab crisis will be discussed Tuesday at the 11 a.m. assembly in Campbell hall auditorium by (L. to R.) Mr. Leland Hess, Dr. Charles McClure (the panel moderator), Mr. Donald Bryant, and Mr. James Lomax.
—Claude Smith, photographer

Presentation of "Chalk Garden" Huge Success

Wit and sparkling humor were the menu at last week's reading production of Enid Bagnold's drama "The Chalk Garden." However, there was more to please the taste than mere humor, for Miss Bagnold is concerned with many complex problems and one must not allow the humor to obscure the seriousness of her work.

"The Chalk Garden" deals with problems of a universal nature. Miss Bagnold's concern is with many of the important aspects of life. Some of the problems she deals with are: Man's right to judge his fellow man, the difficulty of bringing a personality to full bloom under adverse condi-

tions, and the problems of re-entering society after a life of imprisonment.

Madrigal, a woman who has lived in prison for 15 years, enters what is supposed to be a normal English household and although having been judged does not attempt to judge others. She lives with, and fulfills many of the needs of both Mrs. St. Maugham and Laurel. All are forced to take a second look at the lives and values and to reevaluate them.

Mary Agee as the energetic Mrs. St. Maugham sparkled. Her zany, light-headed portrayal of the flippant, rather coquettish, light-headed, 70-plus year old is

delightful.

Madrigal, as played by Sandra Ritter, was one of the outstanding strengths of the show.

Karen Jensen, as the 16-year-old Laurel, though a little thirteenish at times, had all the energy and bounce of a young girl.

All in all, considering that this was the first dramatic endeavor on the part of several cast members, the show was an excellent example of how entertaining a reading production can be, if properly handled and the vehicle is secure.

Mr. Robb deserves a pat on the back for having brought us plays that present serious themes with artistic skill. It is only regrettable that more of this calibre cannot be performed at OCE.

THE OCE LAMRON

Published Weekly During the School Year by the
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Monmouth, Oregon

OTTO BARNELL & JACK LITTLE CO-EDITORS

GUEST EDITORIAL . . .

Is Politics "Dirty Business"?

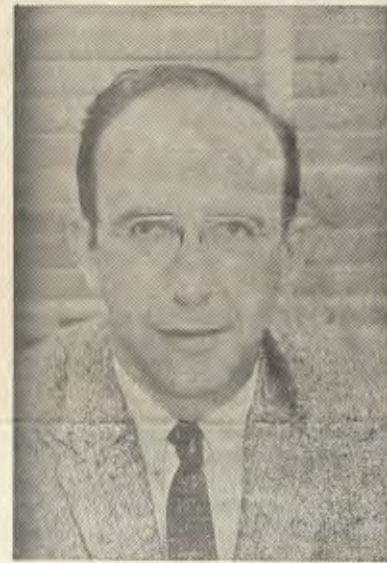
By Leland E. Hess

(Assistant Professor of Social Science)

"Politics is a dirty business." "What did you expect of him? He's a politician." These and similar comments indicate a frame of mind that still is all too common, especially among many who would like to be termed "intellectuals." Too many of those in this category cannot be bothered with politics. Yet they never lose an opportunity to snipe at their elected representatives for everything they do.

In many cases these same "intellectuals" seldom take the trouble to study closely the candidates in an election. Rarely, if ever, will they stoop so low as to actively support candidates of their choice. Almost never will they openly declare their allegiance to a political party and get out and work for its success. Many of these people honestly consider themselves "Independents." They profess to vote for the "candidate," not a "party."

Basically this view is a good one. We can get good government only by being discriminating in our choices for national, state and local offices.



However, the 2-party system now seems to have established itself permanently upon the national scene. Third parties were able to capture less than one per cent of the vote in the 1956 national elections.

In view of these developments, many political scientists now believe that an informed citizenry can best make his influence felt by making a decision as to the party of his choice, by working to see that it gets top-notch candidates and by actively working for their election. This does **not** mean that the voter may not cross party lines in the case of individual candidates. It does mean that he does become more personally involved in the outcome of an election.

Acting on this premise, an organization called the Oregon Citizenship Clearing House has been established (subsidized by the Ford Foundation) to encourage college students to engage actively in government and in politics.

Last spring two OCE students were awarded political internships involving actual experience in the campaigns of candidates of the two parties in the primaries. This fall four OCE students will work with the two parties in their county and state headquarters helping with the work of the fall campaigns. In the winter of 1959 two interns will be selected for experience working with state legislators during the regular session of the State Legislature. In this way it is hoped that students will be able to integrate classroom theory with political reality. The goal: better teachers and better citizens.

OCE "intellectuals" seem to be one of the exceptions that prove the rule. On August 6 and 13 the Graduate Club is bringing Oregon's two gubernatorial candidates to the campus. The club is to be commended for its efforts.

The fall election is almost upon us. Who are you supporting?

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"WORTHAL'S PARTICULAR - HE WON'T BE SEEN WITH JUST ANYTHING!"

Since Nobody Asked Me . . .

By Logan Forster

In reply to a certain unhappy GRAD who is greatly disturbed by my "moronic musings," I have this to say:

"Dear GRAD,
"Why didn't you sign your name? You know who I am, so why don't I know who YOU are? As to the kind of paper-filler 'my rambling column' is, I'm surprised you didn't recognize it first glance! It's a MORONIC MUSING column, what else? Did you by any chance look up 'sophomoric' before appending it to my writing? Means, 'wise - foolish' Comrade, which is what I intended all along, so where's the beef?"



Of course, I admit that there's much more of the latter than the former in it; but what do you want for seventy-one dollars? Thomas Wolfe, yet?

"As to your question, 'Is campus news at such low ebb that, grasping the Lam-

ron eagerly for news we must plunge unwittingly into moronic musings?' I can only say that anyone 'grasping the Lamron eagerly for news' deserves no better than he gets and should keep his wits about him lest he be led astray.

"Reading your note, I was struck by a thought. With your sparkling sense of humor, I'll wager the kiddies are ma-a-a-ad about you! And a second thought struck me at the same moment—or shortly thereafter—a thought having to do with people who scream bloody murder about the stuff they voluntarily read so strongly resembling old maids who cluck and gasp and knock themselves out to peep through a privet hedge into a nudist colony, instead of going about their business. They don't HAVE to look, you know—or DO they?"

Abjectly,
—Nobody"

Ah, well, it wasn't a very stimulating argument after all, come to think about it; but it did em-

(Continued on page four)



Left: Five members of the OCE Summer Tour group are pictured about to leave for a visit to the Brussels fair. Belgian flag is visible at top of picture. Right: Tour group eating sack lunches at noon on the Brussels fair grounds. Picture was taken during visit to the fair on Saturday, July 12.

Touring Students Get Thrills On Brussels Worlds Fair Visit

By Beverly Browne and Ulah R. Winston

July 11, 1958—Today we passed over from Holland into the land of the Belgians. Houses began to change from the pointed high Dutch to a straighter French roof. And just north of Antwerp we came upon large beautiful homes all of brick and with great thatched roofs. The countryside was still rich with grains and lush gardens and apple orchards.

It was exciting to come upon a sign pointing to the Motel Expo and know we were in Brussels and a big thrill to get our first glimpse of the "Atomium." There it was glistening in the sun and more beautiful than we had ever dreamed it could be.

Motel Expo is a fabulous place spread out over the countryside with bright gay panels of color, housing as many as 5000 people at one time. We settled ourselves and immediately took off again for a sightseeing tour of Brussels.

We passed by the palace of the King of the Belgians with a big black guard from the Belgian Congo in a many-colored uniform.

Brussels is often called "Little Paris" and indeed is a beautiful city with great arches of neon lights and impressive monuments, cathedrals and buildings.

We passed by the monument to the unknown soldier with its two huge lions and its everburning flame. We saw the beautiful "Arch of Continaire," the symbol of the liberation of Belgium,

Central Park with its 48 statues depicting the crafts of men, and the "Palaise de Justice," the largest in the world. We went into the church of St. Gudule with its tall Gothic architecture and saw the famous bishop's chair, hand-carved from a single piece of oak and visited the "Market Square" with its beautifully gilded guild houses. We went into little shops which sold lovely Belgian linen and exquisite lace.

There are a million cars in Brussels and anyone can drive after they are 16. Only the car must have a license which costs \$60 a year and gasoline which is 72 cents a gallon. They have about 300 accidents a week and as we were turning a corner we were involved with one of them. A small Volkswagon hit our bus and then followed much hand-waving and loud talking in an angry foreign tongue. The police came and took the driver of the small car off to jail to give him the alcohol test as he seemed to be under the influence.

On the morning of the 12th we picked up lunch baskets at the restaurant and went in a group to the wonderful "World's Fair." It cost Belgium \$2,000,000,000 for the fair (it covers 500 acres, has 108 buildings, 15 miles of streets and is represented by 38 nations. What a lovely fair it is! Everything is a work of art. Everything is carefully and beautifully planned to represent each nation. There is no clutter nor

crowding of ideas.

Of prime importance is the splendid "Atomium" that is the shiny center of all the fair. Many of us took the fast elevator to the very top and looked out on the panoramic view. The other spheres were reached by escalators and took us into the intricate world of the atom, its uses and its future.

Our United States building held next importance to most of us. It was light and lacy with the familiar apple orchard in front with small green apples among the green leaves. Inside was a slice of America, light, simple and beautiful. It showed the food we eat, the toys our children play with, the clothes we wear, a bit of our history and heroes, some of our natural resources. Here was "Americana," tumbleweed, a cigar store Indian, rural mail boxes, a soda fountain, voting machines, old theatre programs including one from the Denver Opera House, the first piece of gold found at Sutter's Mill. There was displayed an old Reo car, a section from a

huge redwood tree, and presidential campaign buttons from years ago.

The Russian pavillion, just across the square, gave one an entirely different feeling. It was filled with huge machinery, large statues of stern-looking men, and enlarged nuts and bolts, men and women working. Their paintings were of soldiers and war.

We spent two days wandering from one wonderful display to another. In the Israel building was a page from the Dead Sea Scrolls. In France's exhibit was lovely yardage for a Paris gown. Holland had a beautiful display of plump grapes, fresh vegetables and lovely flowers. Great Britain magnificently displayed her proud country in splendid grandeur.

We were especially interested in the little principality of Monaco which had a very elegant display of the nature and history of the small country. On the balcony was a lovely picture of Princess Grace, Prince Rainier and the children.

In the Iran building were rich displays of Oriental rugs, exquisite cloisonne bowls and semi-precious gems.

We checked our cameras and went into the art exhibit. They had a small but representative display of paintings by Picasso, Renoir, Monet and one lovely one by a young Sicilian of a sleeping boy on a boat. A Russian artist was among our favorites. He painted a doorway scene with the sunlight falling on the faces of the people.

In the late afternoon the Belgians showed us a summer storm which started with a few drops and suddenly the rains poured down in great torrents. The wind blew and swept the water in waves across the street. Lightning sent jagged streaks in the gray sky and thunder roared. Everyone crowded into buildings.

(Continued on page four)

Mr. and Mrs. Albertson, the porter and the housekeeper at Motel Expo in Brussels where the OCE tour group stayed. Mozart is one of a group of motels all named for musicians.



CALENDAR

Monday, August 4:

Social Science Workshop opens
Biological Materials Workshop opens
College Recreational Swim 3-5 p.m.
Movie, "King Solomon's Mines", 8 p.m., CH Aud.
Maple hall open after movie

Tuesday, August 5:

Assembly, 11 a.m., CH auditorium, student assembly
Ed. Film Previews, 2-3 and 3-4 p.m., "Social Science"
College Recreational Swim 4-5 p.m.
Faculty Swim, 7:30-8:30 p.m.

Wednesday, August 6:

Graduate Club Luncheon
Graduate-Faculty Evening in Library Lounge
College Recreational Swim 4-5 p.m.

Thursday, August 7:

All-College Tea, Library Lounge, 3-4:30 p.m.
College Recreational Swim 4-5 p.m.
Family Public Swim, 7-9 p.m.
Theta Delta Phi Luncheon
Square Dancing, 8 p.m. in P.E. building

Graduates Urged To Attend Tuesday Meet

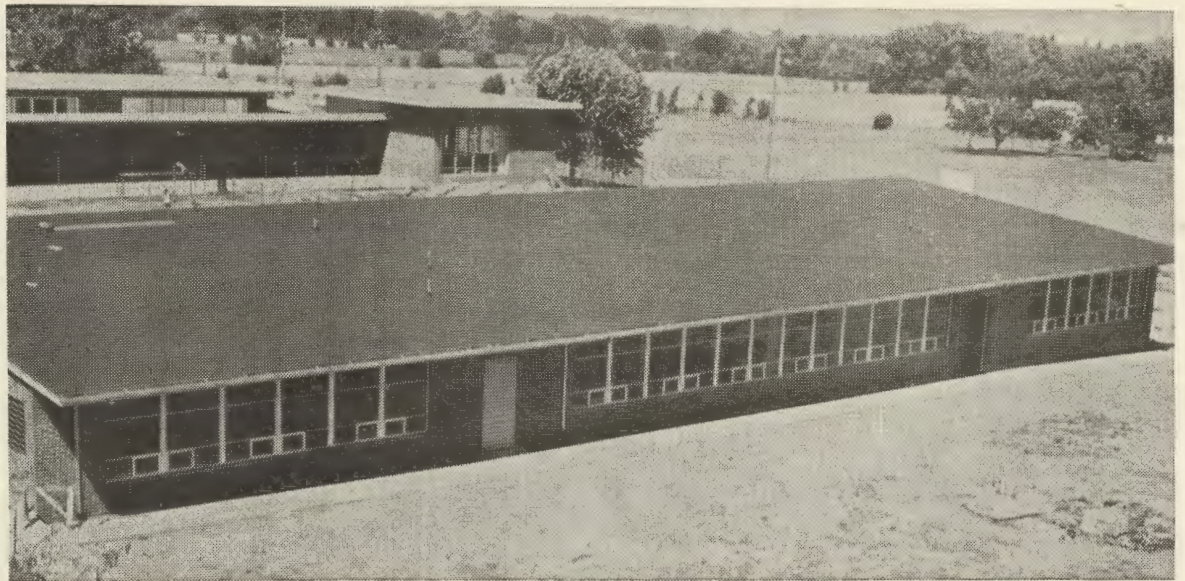
Graduate students are urged to attend the annual meeting on Tuesday, August 5, in Room 212 of the Administration building.

Promptly at 3 p.m., President Merlin Marsh will open the business meeting with an agenda which includes election of the '59 officers, a report of the liaison committee, suggestions from the floor for the final meeting of the liaison committee with the faculty, and other committee reports.

Although this three o'clock hour conflicts with two graduate classes, Dr. Albin and Mr. Bryant have graciously accepted the scheduling of the meeting early so that commuters will not be forced to wait until the previously scheduled four o'clock hour.

(Graduates are to check the bulletin board early this week for the Wednesday Graduate Club program.

Tonight's Movie:
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
Campbell Hall Aud., 8 p.m.
Maple Hall Open
After the Show



Starr Contractors of Lebanon have recently completed the new \$60,000.00 wing at the Monmouth Elementary school which will be ready for occupancy this fall. The four-room unit, designed by Portland Architects, Annand, Boone and Lei, will house third and fourth grade classes. Plans call for the blacktopping of the playground area north of the building in the near future.

Alumni Association Holds Sat. Session

District directors and officers of the OCE Alumni Association held on all-day session on Saturday, August 2, to outline the activities of the group for the coming year.

Mrs. May Lucas, president of the Alumni Association, presided. Noon luncheon was held at Flamingo restaurant.

Nobody Asked Me

(Continued from page two)

phasize something I've long considered worth considering, which is that all of us take ourselves so blasted seriously that we come to think we are important beyond all reality. I don't mean that we should shrug ourselves deep into a shell of phlegmatic on-looking; but neither should we measure ourselves against the dwarfs merely for the sake of bolstering our sagging ego. I am guilty of this and I make no bones about admitting it. (If I didn't, everybody would be yelling, "Look at the old pot calling the kettle names!" before I'd turned around twice.) But every so often I get knocked off balance, topple to the ground, rear up and look dazedly around only to discover that I am in danger of being trampled by the feet of giants on all sides. Even when I stand up and stretch as high as I can, I find that the fingers of my thoughts reach not halfway to the knees of those giants. It's a horrible-wonderful sensation and every-

body should risk experiencing it at least once every full moon and most certainly once every Sunday morning.

It's not too difficult — feeling minute and humble. Walking into the library and running one's eye over the "tiny" collection of books there can bring on the attack. Leafing through Mozart's concertos alone is an act guaranteed to lay you flat on your back. Read the lives of just a few of the "big boys" of science, such as Pasteur, Bhahe, Galileo, Curie or daVinci and you will be ready to throw up your hands and retreat to the pick and shovel which your delusions of braininess caused you to drop.

I often think, "If I could just sit down and read and read and READ, I might learn something inside of 50 years or so!" then I realize that one must read on the run, as it were, snatching up a pebble here, a jewel there and dropping them into the little receptacle carried for that purpose. And when I get a free moment in which I can sit down and take out all these odds and ends, I occasionally find to my great surprise that a few of them are

blindingly beautiful and a lot of them are semi-precious . . . the rest just plain old rocks.

To end this session of moronic musing: I agree with you before you say it, GRAD—the little receptacle is my head and most of the contents are rocks. I admit that. Now, what do YOU admit, Goliath?

Visit Brussels Fair

(Continued from page three)

blocking doorways and sitting on stairs.

As we leave the main walk we pause for a moment and watch the thousands of people swarming like ants through the gates of the great fair. Some are from India with soft flowing saris. Some are from the Congo with dark black faces. Slant eyed Orientals go inconspicuously on their way. All have gathered here at this magnificent focal point of the world. Here they all see the culture and art and industry of every nation. Perhaps it will bring a greater understanding of each other — and a lasting admiration of the finer qualities of our brothers, everywhere.

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